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Need of Moral Discernment to Appreciate Gospel Truths.

The great truths of the Gospel require for their apprehension some moral discernment. How can a thoroughly selfish man understand the truth of Christ's divinity? Divinity to him means force or quantity rather than quality of being. How much would you know about the Apollo Belvidere, if one should simply tell you that it consisted of so many cubic inches of white marble, and weighed so many pounds? What idea of its beauty would those words convey to you? Some such quantitative notion of Christ's divinity a selfish man may get, and it is the only idea of him that we find in the writings of many theologians. Such a notion may well be disputed about, but it is of no practical value. To apprehend the beauty of Christ's character, in which his divinity chiefly resides, one needs much schooling in the services of obedience and love. And the more men know of this the less they will be inclined to dispute about it.

Christ is our example; but he who supposes that Christ's work consists simply in furnishing us an example, has a very inadequate idea of what man needs and of what Christ is. It is true that we have some power of copying, by observation and volition, the conduct of those that are better than we are; but it is also true that the lives which are mainly the result of imitation are defective and unlovely lives. "That peculiar character," says Dr. Mearns, "which we admire in another, would become quite a different one in ourselves could we achieve the most successful imitation. The copy could never have the spirit of the original, because it would want the natural root upon which the original grew. We ought to grow out of our own roots; our own inherent propriety of constitution is the best nucleus for our own formation." This, then, is what we need—the healing, quickening, the replenishing of our spiritual life. It is not a model to grow by; it is "more life and fuller than we want." That is what Christ came to bring: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." By faith in him we are made partakers of his nature, and thus the very elements of virtue in us are reinforced. The tulip bulb does not need a full grown tulip to look at, that it may learn how to blossom; it needs to feel at its own heart the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the soil. Not Christ before you as an example, but "Christ in you," communicating to you the vitalizing energy of his own eternal life, is the power of God unto salvation. —[Sunday Afternoon.]

The Strain of Life.

Life bears us like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the winding of the gray borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on and still our hands are empty. Of course manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, and objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing around us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked; we can not be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears and the tossing of the waves are beneath our feet, and the land seems from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up behind us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants until our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and the Eternal. —[Bishop Heber.]

A Smart Elephant.

The air of the menagerie has its peculiarities, and when the reporter insinuated that a slight infusion of oxygen would not harm the atmosphere of the building, the lion king assented, and turning to the larger of two elephants standing in a far corner, he called out, "Pete, old fellow, open that door." The elephant wagged his great ears suggestively, seized the door-knob with his trunk tip, gave it a turn and flung the door wide open. When a sufficiency of fresh air had been secured, the lion king quietly remarked, "Shut the door now, Pete." The elephant laid his trunk against it and gave it a shove, but failed to close it. "Oh, close it up tight, Pete," Mr. Conklin said with an assumption of impatience in his voice. The sage lion heaved the door sufficiently ajar to secure headway, and then, with a rapid push, slammed it close, following up its success with a loving embrace of Mr. Conklin, round whose neck it flung its trunk in a most affectionate manner. —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Numberless men, alleged to be hurt by overwork, do not work half enough. Their troubles come from superabundance of leisure and inactivity. They yawn through three or four hours in the office or counting-room; are too indolent to walk up town; eat too heavy and rich a dinner; go out afterward to see merchants, bankers, and join boom companions, who walk around billiard tables or sit at cards, and keep very thirty until the drowsy steeps of 2 and 3. This is overwork, work in the wrong direction, and of a very different kind from that supposed. Overwork covers a multitude of bad habits. It is made a consequence for countless transgressions; it is very often a shallow pretense, a miserable sham. While there are far too many who overwork, there are a great many who break down and kill themselves by laziness, self-indulgence and dissipation. Very decidedly overwork is overdone. —[N. Y. Times.]

An Ominous Lie.

Last September a young man, Chas. P. Strickland, went to Louisville from Lexington, and secured a position as drug clerk in a store on Market street. He is not a visionary or superstitious, but a practical business young fellow. All day Tuesday he said he felt oppressed as if by some vague, impending evil—by what novelists would designate as a presentiment. On Tuesday night he went to bed at his usual hour, but his sleep was disturbed by a dream, in which he plainly saw his brother engaged in a quarrel with another young man of Lexington, whom he recognized as one Arthur Murrill. After several moments of angry gestures and apparently impassioned words, young Murrill drew a pistol and shot Strickland in the head. He fell across a table, knocking off, as he did so, a bottle of wine, upon the label of which Mr. Charles Strickland affirms that he distinctly saw the word "champagne." Almost simultaneously with the crash produced by his brother's fall, the dreamer awoke. He was so much impressed by what he had seen that he struck a match and looked at his watch. It was exactly half past 11 o'clock. Not admitting to himself that he believed the facts had really occurred as he saw them in his dream, he was, nevertheless, so much troubled in spirit that he could sleep no more that night. At 6 o'clock next morning he received a telegram from Lexington. With unsteady hand he tore the envelope and read, without doubt through the head by some one unknown, at about half past 11 o'clock. But we won't do it. We have never yet told a lie, and we don't intend to commence at this early day, merely for the sake of an item. —[Courier-Journal.]

The Trade in Birds.

A busy but quiet industry in this city is that of the bird fancier. A dealer in canary birds says that last year he imported 100,000 birds, which were readily disposed of at fair prices. They are generally brought from the Harz mountain region of Germany. From the large dealers a fine male canary, with a good voice, can be bought for \$3. Choice specimens, with extraordinary vocal powers, bring sometimes \$10. Female birds for breeding purposes sell for \$1. Next to the canary the mocking bird is most in demand. Those whose vocal powers are well developed are sold for \$25 and upward. The birds come from Virginia and other Southern States, and also from Mexico. The bullfinch is highly regarded when well trained. A good whistler is worth from \$25 to \$40. The goldfinch, chaffinch, nightingale, lark, and the linnet and thrush are also prized as songsters. Of other birds, not songsters, thirty different species, kept as pets for their beauty or acquirements, may be found in market. Of these the parrot is most in demand. A well-trained bird, of either the gray African variety or the green American, will fetch \$50, or even \$100. The most brilliantly colored birds are the Australian parakeets and strawberry finches. —[Scientific American.]

A Beautiful Custom.

In every walk of life the present mania and its attendant ills have taken a deep and dangerous root. Some ladies on the South side have undertaken to make two thousand calls in two thousand quarters hours. A boy on the West side was rescued from the pantry where he was trying to eat three thousand quarter pies in three thousand quarter hours. His mother showed him no quarter, and he got no sympathy from his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. —[Chicago Times.]

A Beautiful Custom.

A beautiful custom with the Norwegians is the giving of a dinner to the birds on Christmas day. On Christmas morning every stable, gateway, barn-door, and piling is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on a pole. Even the humblest peasant will save up by the handful something for the birds; which, if not pecked on this day, is allowed to remain to help them through the winter.

An Interesting Beggar Maid.

Every day on the Via Toledo, the finest and most frequented street in Naples, might have been seen an old woman, bent under the weight of years, clad in wretched mourning, creeping past the line of shops, like a moving bas-relief, and sometimes halting at a corner. She wore a tattered bonnet on her head, a thick black veil over her features, and a pair of ragged gloves on her fingers. She never spoke, she never put out her hand for charity, but took with a kind of growl whatever small coin the passers might vouchsafe her. That old woman's gains were twenty francs per diem. But who was she? No one could tell, and a spectre in the throng of Vanity Fair—an uncomely intruder upon the butterflies of fashion were only too glad to pay and get rid of. The other day, a couple of Municipal Guards laid hands on her, and handing her into a cab, took her off to the Mendicant Home. One of the female attendants stripped her, when suddenly from the filthy, fetid, envelope of rags emerged a Cinderella-like—lusty young woman, considerably on this side of thirty, fresh colored, fat, and prepossessing. Her make-up was a marvel of effect. Her curved spine was "arranged" with a cord which passed around her neck and fastened at the knee. Her hump was manufactured from a ball of rags; her wrinkled and dirty face was managed with imitation parchment. On inquiry it was found that this young woman was of good family, and that the gins she so cleverly earned were brought regularly home to her parents, who kept a night house where scenes of the most unhalloved revelry were kept up till all hours of the morning.

Hornet Gulls.

It is a cruel thing to keep a horse that has a neck raw by a badly fitting collar. In putting horses that have been comparatively idle during the winter to the hard work of the plow and the harrow, painful and unsightly sores are often caused, which, unless cared for at once, prove of long standing, permanently disfiguring the animal. When the abrasion first appears, give the horse a day or two of rest. It is better to do this, even if important work is somewhat delayed. Chloride of zinc diluted with fifty parts water and applied with a small sponge, is a good astringent, serving to harden and toughen the skin. But, after all, the best way to prevent galling is to have the collar and every part of the harness touching the horse, a perfect fit. Keep it well oiled and pliable. Then insure the animal to hard work gradually and kindly.

Three Curious Children.

A remarkable case of defective vision is that of the three children of James Howard, a seafaring man, whose family live on Ocracoke Island. They become totally blind each day immediately after the sun goes down. If by chance they happen to be in the yard playing, their playthings are instantly laid aside, and efforts made to reach the house, when they soon after retire and sleep soundly until sunrise, after which their sight is described as being unimpaired. The youngest is 3 and the eldest 10 years old—two boys and one girl—all of light complexion. The eyes are light blue, and there is nothing about them that appears at all strange. —[Tarboro (N.C.) Southerner.]

A Beautiful Custom.

For sixty-four cents a four-pound parcel of goods may be sent to any part of the United States, and receipt taken from the person to whom the parcel is sent, and returned to the sender. This is the latest extension of our postal facilities and one which will be greatly appreciated.

A Beautiful Custom.

When a newspaper has been refused by the party addressed, it is simply the duty of the Postmaster to notify the publisher that such is the case, after which, if the paper continues to arrive in the mail, he should place it with other waste paper, to be sold at the end of the quarter.

Footsteps of the Dead.

If you had seen this old man as he sat in the corner where the Spring sun fell the brightest, if you had heard his words you would know that faith can become a second life, as it were, never wavering or doubting through years and years, and dying only when the heart ceases beating. He said: "Those who died long years ago are ever with me in the spirit. I can not see them, because I am mortal, but when I am called to go, be it night or day, I shall hear their footsteps, and they shall lead me over the dark river into heaven's sunlight beyond." The other day he sat alone in the sunlight. No one dreamed that his end was near. When his feeble, worn but still loving wife entered the room to see if he slept, the old man's pale, dead face had become a smile as she had never seen before, and his hands were held out as if to give greeting. While the house was still the old man heard the footsteps of his faith. For more than a score of years he had waited and listened and never doubted. Had men told him that there was nothing beyond earth but dust and darkness, it would have broken his heart. Softly fell the footsteps along the hall, as if children were creeping in to give grandpa a surprise, and when the old man raised his hand and turned, that smile, which even death could not fade, was brought to his face, and he stretched out his arms to those whom he knew would come. —[Detroit Free Press.]

Why Lace is so Costly.

The New York Graphic says: "The finest specimens of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operator is employed at a distinct feature of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to keep the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels lace so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes, not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used, and for a larger as many as eight hundred.

Continental newspapers report that

about a fortnight ago, on a Sunday, the inhabitants of the village of Vratshovo, in Russia, burned a woman, one of their neighbors, as a witch. They are said to be quite satisfied that they acted right. They kept the woman in her house, closed all the doors and windows by nailing boards across them, and then set fire to a heap of straw lying in one of the rooms. The house was soon reduced to a heap of ashes, in which was mingled the dust of the supposed witch.

The Very man who cheerfully pays

half-a-dollar to see Bogardus break one thousand glass balls in seventy-five minutes, makes a terrible fuss and declares himself financially ruined when one of his small sons accidentally breaks a thirty-cent pane of glass with a foot-ball. Such are the inconsistencies of human nature that can not be remedied by acts of Congress.

An Ohio farmer was lately annoyed

by the inroads of sheep upon his grain field, and raised the height of his fence. A ram was the only one of the flock that could then leap it, but he enabled his companions to do so by placing himself alongside and offering his back for them to jump on before clearing it.

For sixty-four cents a four-pound

parcel of goods may be sent to any part of the United States, and receipt taken from the person to whom the parcel is sent, and returned to the sender. This is the latest extension of our postal facilities and one which will be greatly appreciated.

Dr. Humphrey the other night

pointed out the cause of our present lamentable condition in the sentence—"It is not crime committed, no matter how hideous, but crime unpunished that shakes the foundation of our State."

Elder sister: "Well, dear, did you

have a pleasant time at the theater to-night?" Younger ditto: "Oh, it was just lovely; I cried all the time." Elder sister: "Did you? Oh, how I wish I'd been there!"

In choosing a wife," says an ex-

change, "be governed by her chin." The worst of that is, after having chosen a wife one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way.

A quiet and pleasant home is in-

sured to all mothers that use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup for their little ones. It contains nothing injurious.

Very precious children are like

very precious fruits—apt to drop off before they get ripe. —[Josh Billings.]

Nations Without Fire.

According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Thales, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in rapture. The Persians, Phoenicians, Greeks and several other nations acknowledge that their ancestors were without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Plutarch and other ancient writers speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not of the use of fire or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the desert Magellan, in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our day, tribes in this deplorable state.

Talk about knowing babies!

A young married couple, living on North Delaware street, have a six-month-old babe that for two weeks past has been considered the wonder of the neighborhood and the admiration of all the mothers for squares and squares about. Only six months old, and actually scratched its own head! Did it, too, with the vigor of an eight-year-old schoolboy! It was too cunning! The other day an old lady of vast experience was shown the baby—the wonderful baby—when it was scratching its head with unusual emphasis. She adjusted her glasses and looked carefully. No matter what she said, the nurse girl was discharged, and the phenomenon ceased. —[Indianapolis Journal.]

Curiosity brought Alexander Benn

to an untimely end. He was a colored boy of Alexandria, and in an evil moment was tempted to investigate an old thirty-two pound shell. Exactly how he proceeded is not clear, but they found the string that had tied his trousers in the next yard, and held a funeral over one of his tracks. It wasn't much, but the minister said he was satisfied he had Benn there.

There are in Russia many obscure

sects whose rites are on a level with those of the most barbarous savages. The disappearance of sundry children has resulted lately in the discovery of a sect who hold that real blood should take the place of wine at the Lord's Supper, and whose agents abducted and killed infants to supply this.

A Texas exchange says that at "the

ceremony of baptism by immersion the other day, 14 candidates walked down to the water, and 14 revolvers were deposited on the bank of the stream, that of the preacher making the 15th." A healthy country to emigrate to.

Two darkies were vaunting their

courage. "I ain't 'feared o' nothin', I ain't," said one. "Den, Sam, I reckon you ain't 'feared to loan me a dollar?" "No, Julius, I ain't 'feared to loan you a dollar, but I does hate to part wid an ole fren' forebber."

Smart sophomore—"What fruit

would you resemble riding on a jack-ass?" Innocent looking Freshman—"Give it up." S.S.—"A beautiful pear." I. L. F.—"All right; come outside and I'll try." —[Harvard Advocate.]

Perhaps there are few less happy

than those who are ambitious without industry; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race; who thirst for the truth, but are too slothful to draw it up from the well. —[Sharpe.]

Two men in Perry, Ga., married

each other's daughters. This brings about a novel relationship, as each is the other's father-in-law, each the other's brother-in-law.

"I want one of those long, felt hats,

papa," said a Toledo girl to her father. The indulgent father forked over the money, and her head now fills the long-felt want.

Solomon was the first man to sug-

gest parting the hair in the middle. The suggestion was made to two women in a famous law-suit. —[New York World.]

All the world's but a Pullman car

and the men and women merely passengers—bound through and without return tickets. —[Cin. Com.]

A Western lawyer included in his

bill against his client: "To waking up at night and thinking about your case, \$5."

The fat boarder called the mould on

the pie an oasis—a green spot on the desert. —[Boston Transcript.]

A small boy and a gun are harmless when apart, but they make a terrible combination.

TO THE LADIES!

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY!

I AM NOW OPENING A FULL LINE OF NEW, BRILLIANT FEELING OF.

Bonnets, Hats, Flowers, Ribbons and Trimmings of all kinds.

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MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, ETC.

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"P. O. STORE."

You will find Staple and Fancy Groceries of all

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You will find Oranges, Lemons, Dried Apples and

Peaches, Prunes, Maple Sugar and Condensed at the P. O. Store.

You will find Cheese, Macaroni, Cracked Wheat,

Rice, Dried Beef and Canned Goods of every de-

scription at the P. O. Store.

You will find Canned Hams, Bakes, Spiced Pork,

Hoe and A. H. Hamilton at the P. O. Store.

You will find Briggs & Bro's, B. M. Ferry & Co's

and Detroit Seed Co's Garden Seeds at the P. O. Store.

You will find a Brand-new Lot of Flower Pots,

from the mauling to the largest, size, at the P. O. Store.

You will find a good assortment of New Mason

Bricks at the P. O. Store.

You will find Japanned Bird Cages, Breeding Cages

and several other kinds of Cages at the P. O. Store.

You will find Sharp Shovels, Pruning Shears and

Knives, Gears Kilns and Lawn Mowers at the P. O. Store.

You will find an assortment of Bibles—Bible and

Bible, Cullens, Bibles, Home Strings and Traps

Chairs at the P. O. Store.

You will find Heavy Packing, Sengens and Cuts

Rope and Rope Twine at the P. O. Store.

You will find Butter Cakes and Stencils of all

kinds at the P. O. Store.

You will find Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Meat,

Flour and Potatoes at the P. O. Store.

You will find, in addition to above, a complete

stock of Hardware and Cutlery at the P. O. Store.

You will find Water Buckets, Tubs, Hand-Buckets,

Batting Pins, Brooms and Ax Handles at the P. O. Store.

You will find several different makes of Sewing

Machines and Sewing Machine Needles at the P. O. Store.

You will find to always ready to give the highest

market prices for Butter, Eggs, Lard, Bacon,

Meat and Flour at the P. O. Store.

You will find that we will always take pleasure in

waiting on you when in need of anything in our

line, and will do it to the best of our ability at the P. O. Store.

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